

LOCAL ITEMS

About Our Town and Its People

Miss Joe Asline and Mrs. A. B. Hall were in Grand Rapids Tuesday on business.

Floyd Boyer, who is with the Electric Engineers Equipment Co., a big concern of Chicago, dropped in on his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyer last Saturday night and surprised them with a visit until Monday morning, when he returned to his position and home at Chicago.

Hospital rummage sale—Nov. 6. J. E. Richardson returned home on Monday morning from a trip on which he had been for a long time back, working in the interests of the Red Cross and other patriotic organizations. Mr. Richardson is a musician of the more talented class and has pleased many an audience in all parts of the country with his wizard "stunts."

Charles H. Biss, of Outlook, Saskatchewan, returned to his home on Monday afternoon, following a two weeks' visit at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Biss.

Mrs. Amy Brown and daughter, Cora, of Muskegon, returned to their home Monday afternoon, after having been the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. S. A. Collier for a time.

Hospital rummage sale—Nov. 6. Miss Irene E. Barnes, a nurse stationed at Grand Rapids, returned to her duties in the Furniture City Monday afternoon after having been the over-Sunday guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary Barnes and her sister, Miss Bertha Barnes.

Mrs. Homer Hoyt of Detroit, who has been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. S. Lamberton, returned home Monday at noon.

Mrs. Bert Hough and two children, Ronald and Margie of Flint are visiting at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Aelick, Ed. D. Engemann and family and other friends in this city. Bert is coming for a short visit on Thursday.

Hospital rummage sale—Nov. 6. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Walters of Flint will sympathize with them over the death of their infant son, which occurred recently. Mrs. Walters was formerly Miss Nethel Davis and has many friends in this city. The baby died of membranous croup.

Mrs. Chas. Raymer is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Simons of Smoky Row.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walters, who have been living on a farm near Smyrna during the past summer have moved into the city for the winter.

Hospital rummage sale—Nov. 6. Mrs. Geo. Rivenburg of Flint, returned home Wednesday afternoon, after visiting for a short time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rivenburg.

Miss Clara Rivenburg, who is critically ill at her home on East State street, is no better.

Miss Grace Morrison, who is teaching in the local schools, left Tuesday for Lake City to visit her parents, Alfred and Orville Annis of Grand Rapids were on Sunday visitors at the home of J. M. Thomas.

Wanted, a lady to work in express office. Make application to W. B. Connor, agent. Citizens phone 197.

Willa St. Onge, of Battle Creek, has been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. George W. Thomas for a few days the past week.

Miss Mamie Johnson of Belding was in Greenville Wednesday visiting friends.

Mrs. Robert Jameson of Ludington left Belding Wednesday to visit relatives and friends at Orleans.

Mrs. Chas. Stephens was called to South Bend, Ind., Wednesday to care for her daughters, Miss Mary Stephens and Mrs. Millie Mowatt, who are both ill with the Spanish influenza.

Mrs. Lamb left Wednesday for Battle Creek where she will spend the week and with her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Salzman.

Mrs. Thurston of Greenville, formerly Miss Lone Wilder, was home over Wednesday visiting her mother, Mrs. Wilder.

Mrs. Frank Lane left Belding Wednesday for Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. George Withrow and wife of Lansing, returned home Monday night, after having visited at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Withrow, for a few days.

Carl Huntley, formerly a resident of this city and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Huntley, but now of the Great Lakes station, was a guest of local relatives and friends the past few days.

We need of suffering longer with rheumatism, say Wortley & French, the druggists, now that we can supply you with Rheuma. Money back if it fails.—Advertisement.

Said It Couldn't Be Done. Eli Hanks is having some fun laughing at the propheta who told him he couldn't raise an umbrella on the old Stocking farm, located in the south end of the city, where he located a year ago. Some people thought Eli was settling on a mighty poor proposition at his age, but he knew farms and their soils and he went at it to raise some crops on the place. Friday, Eli brought to this office ten ears of Yellow Dent seed corn which are just as good as any we have ever laid sight on and which has been pronounced as good as could be desired by a number of farmers who have looked at it since it has been on display in the office. Eli says the whole crop of corn was good and that the balance of the crops which he raised on the old farm were good and that the fellows who laughed at him a year ago can have another guess coming. "Ambition," proper preparation of the soil and careful attention to growing crops is what it takes on any farm, said Mr. Hanks when speaking of the matter of farming on light soils.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank the entire community for the sincere manner in which they have shown their sympathy and proved their true friendship in our great loss and sorrow.

Alfred Jonas and family.

Haiti is now one of the allies and has not yet made an application for a loan.

Miss-on-a stomach tablets which Wortley & French sell under a guarantee, and all forms of stomach ills.—Advertisement.

GRIM WRITERS OF WORLD HISTORY WRITE LETTERS HOME

(Continued From Page One.)

the furnace in yet or has he decided not to this year?

How is the dressmaking? I hope damn poor if you are working like you were when I was home. How are Cora and Joe and where are they? Is Joe still in Seattle or has he enlisted?

I don't see why I don't get any mail. I haven't got any since I left the States.

How are all the boys or have they all gone over seas?

Did you celebrate there on Labor day? They did here. The French call it Market day. They had Jews' day and all the Jews from camp had a holiday.

I suppose by now you have had your vacation. Did you go fishing with Pat and May? Is Pat working at the same old job?

I am more than satisfied with my job. There is nothing like working for Uncle Sam. When does dad think the war will end. I hope not till I get a shot at the kaiser about all the war news we get is from the front and that is about as much as you get in the papers.

Tell all the folks I said hello and be sure and write soon.

Your loving son,
Pvt. Jay McNeill,
No. 3362639 M. T. O. School No. 1,
A. P. O. No. 772, A. E. F., France.

The third letter is from Albert Houseman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houseman and is a very good soldier's letter. We are glad to get such letters as Albert's and we know that our readers are also very glad to read them. He writes as follows:

Dear Folks at Home:
I will take this opportunity tonight to drop you a few lines from across the sea. I am as fine as frog hair and expect to remain that way. I wrote a letter four days ago but left that camp so sudden that I didn't get time to mail it. We are now in France and are enjoying ourselves, although we have very cool nights and hot during the day. We have been doing some traveling since we left Camp Custer and ain't done yet. We traveled through England. There we saw many sights over in the good old U. S. A. you don't know what war means, here you don't see one abled-bodied young man at home. They are all at the front doing their share and believe me the Yanks are also doing their share. They are driving old Hun back every day. We will get quite a bit of training before we go to the front. I wish we were fit to go now. I think that we will be with that to eat our Christmas dinner in Berlin. Here in France most everybody is Catholic. Last Sunday was the first Sunday that I was at mass in four weeks. I went to confession and communion. That church is almost 300 years old. One of the priests can talk English. I had a chat with him after mass. But such a sermon I never heard before. I sounded like a parrot to me but I'll bet if I'm here 6 months I'll be able to understand it. I know how to ask for wine already, ha, ha. The people who live here are good to us. They give us wine and cider. They were threshing wheat and barley here yesterday. They have a dinky outfit; instead of a straw carrier they have about a dozen women. I helped them yesterday p. m. awhile; every half hour they take a drink of wine; it is sour as sugar is scarce; they only get 1 lb. of meat and 4 ounces of butter a week. How would you like that?

There are lots of Belgian people around here. They are good people. I talked with a Belgian soldier last night. He said American soldier good fighter, also French, but English not so good. That was all I could understand. He was in an army all through the war without a scratch. I'll say he's lucky. You can see lots of them here that were not so lucky. This country has lots of German prisoners, most of them are at work for the government. They are used good. Believe me, I'll never be taken as a prisoner in Germany, I'll die first for they are cruel devils, enough said.

Well, how is everybody around home? I haven't got a letter since I left Camp Mills. Yesterday was the first mail that came in camp since we left the U. S. Say did you get my watch and have it fixed? I wish I had it now. I'm lost without it. Say you find out if you are allowed to send me tobacco and soap by mail. If you send me some at once for they are a scarce article around here. Put my address on the inside as well as the outside on account of rough usage.

Tell everybody hello for me and that I am well and happy and give my love to all. Tell everybody to write for that is a soldier's biggest enjoyment, to read letters from his home and when they get a little present sent them they go up in the air. Now don't take this for a hint because I'm getting along fine. I think of home every day and pray to see it soon. With those thoughts I will ring off tonight. With lots of love to all, as ever your brother,

Albert.
Battery B, 329 F. A., A. E. F., via New York.

The fourth letter is from Elton (Jerry) Gesser to his aunt, Miss Lulu Reynolds and in it he gives a few of the particulars of the drowning of his brother, Ralph, news of which was given through these columns some few weeks ago. His letter is as follows:

Sept. 4, 1918.

Well, how is Belding these days? It is nice and warm here. We have been having fine weather for about a week now and I dread the day when it starts to rain because the mud is awful here. I suppose you have heard Ralph was dead. He was drowned in the Marne river at 4 p. m. Aug. 12, about 20 miles from Chateau-Thierry, at a little place called Romeny.

I have been in active service a little over six months now. I left New York harbor the 26th of February.

Fritz dropped a few shells on our position this forenoon but no one was hurt.

I'd like to go up Flat river in a canoe just to get a change from hearing the guns go day and night. There isn't a time of the day or night but what you can hear the guns roar and shells scream over head, some going over and a few coming back. They got a prisoner here the other day who knew New York like a book and he could talk good English. Some of the boys were talking to them. The prisoners are all seem glad to get this side of the lines. They say they are sick of war and want to quit only they fear the officers and don't dare to throw up the sponge unless they get away from them.

I am sitting in an old infantry trench where I have got a little cave big enough to crawl into. It is sharp and splinter proof, also it is dry. I got a letter from mother last night and I just wrote to her. You folks want to write whether you hear from me or not because I haven't always got paper to write on and can't walk down town after supper and buy a box of stationery.

What is Richard doing to keep out of mischief this summer?

I can't think of anything more to write so I'll quit and try again some time.

Your nephew,
1st Lt. Prvt. Elton Gesser,
Battery B, 119th Y. S., F. A., A. P. O. 734, A. E. F.

Willis Nichols, son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Nichols, north of town, writes the following interesting letter. Think how thrilling it must be to be on a submarine target and then after battle, to have to turn around and come limping back home. His letter follows:

Camp Mills, Aug. 19, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad:

Will drop you a line this morning. I feel like taking a ten mile hike. Gee but it was cold last night, only had one blanket and overcoat over me. I needed about three to keep warm.

Well, Mother, I left Camp Merritt last Monday morning for New York. We had eight miles to the ferry boat then to the bay where the next day we started for France with about five other large boats, ours being the largest one of all, we had ten six pound guns on deck. We went out three nights and two days when we sighted a German sub but it was too far off to shoot at. They said they saw two more in about one half hour from then we opened fire on them, our boat being the closest to them. We fired ten shots in all. I was not on deck until the second shot. I was there. The sub shot at the times but they missed us. The third shot of our gun got that one, sub, I mean, the rest of the shots we fired at the others, too, they got out of the way but they took our propeller off their shot. We then had to turn back to land but did not until it was dark. We landed in New York yesterday at noon then we boarded the train for here. We are about 21 miles from New York I think. We are going to wait until our boat gets fixed up before we go again.

Well, Mother, I have seen lots in the last week, the best things are the Brooklyn bridge and the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York harbor but being we were started I would like to have gone across with the rest but we will go over soon now. I wrote Ruth a letter on the boat last Saturday and one of the sailors mailed it for me. I got the letter and Ruth sent me a very nice letter. Keep well, you and dad, don't worry about me for I will be all right. I think Myrre has gone across the pond. Well, will quit for this time, with love from your loving son,

Willie.

P. S.—All we do now is lay around camp. I am going to get my picture taken tonight. I will send you one of them. You be sure to give Ruth one. With love.

August 23, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Will drop you and dad a line before I leave this side for France. We are tonight. I am glad being as I cannot get home any way. We go on the same ship that we started out on. I like that ship and the sailors on it. Gee, they were fine. I got acquainted with three from Detroit. Mother, I wish I had been a sailor, they have more of a chance of getting home once in a while and so clean looking, keep just as white. This is one nice day here. Oh, tell dad I can see 33 aircraft in the air now, some sight. Mother, would you be mad if I told you I had been up in one? Well I was yesterday morning. I think they are as safe as the ocean was. I got in with the fellow and they made me sign my insurance until I came back. He took us about 100 miles some-ride. I was afraid at first but got used to it in a little while. The air is fine up, so light, when I came back the captain asked us how we liked it. He has been up too. They have about 150 here now, some sight when 50 line up at once. Have been in New York, Long Island, Coney Island all fine places, lots of girls who give you candy and lots to eat. But I have so much to do all the time. Well, I don't want to run around any way.

Mother, this pen is not very good but have to use it any way. Had a letter from Mrs. Mosure the other day, a good one; I answered it, too. Well, mother, tomorrow at this time I will be sailing on the deep blue sea. Did the papers at home say anything about the 64 drive? The papers here were full of it. Gee how the people cheered us when we came off the boat they heard of it before we landed in the bay. The Red Cross gave coffee and lunch to us. We are treated fine here. We have only 200 men in our camp now, the rest not going across with us because they want away without leave, too bad too. Mother, I came very near coming one afternoon when I had a good chance but did not. They sent me to hunt some of the fellows who had been out for five days. They told me to stay until I got them. I could just as well have come home.

I hope you and dad keep well. Will try to any way. Once you don't think the war will last long I will be home soon again. I will never leave you again. Mother told dad this is some state. I like the state all right but not the camp. I wrote John a letter the other day. How is he making it this summer? How is Mother, don't you worry about me I will be all right and will be about

a month before I can write again. Myrre is across by this time. Had my picture taken, don't know how they are if they are good you get some small holders for them that don't cost much. Oh yes, mother, you will get \$15 a month for 12 months if I am in the war that long. Maybe you will get it this month but don't worry if you don't you will get it.

Well, dear parents, I have got to close, I am going to write to Ruth now, and I have not got much time. We are busy but I came over this noon to write to both. Tell dad to be careful about working hard and you too. I send all the people my best regards. Now don't worry about me. Remember what I have said.

Lots of love and kisses from your loving son to his loving parents,

Next letter is from Clem Engemann, a cousin of ye editor and one of the boys who enlisted some time ago and went to the Great Lakes Naval training station. Up to this year, Clem made annual visits here and his 1918 visit was only cut out on account of his enlisting in the service. Clem has many local friends who will be glad to read the following:

10-6-18.

Dear Cousins Ed., Margaret and All:

I wanted to write to you several times before, but something always interfered. Did my mother send you one of my pictures, and did you receive it? If not let me know at once and I will send you one I had taken recently in blue uniform.

How are all of you anyway, hope well. I suppose you are as busy as a person possibly can be right now. I know I am because they keep us on the hump all the time out here on detail work. Was shoveling coal all day yesterday (merely exercise you know), as it were with a white suit on, too. Always wear white clothes, no matter how dirty the work is so that we can have the pleasure of washing in the evening. Don't you love that, I do—? How is Hub getting along at home by this time? I heard he was home again on a furlough, hope well.

Hank was out here to see me this afternoon.

Should you happen to drop in Chicago on business, why jump out here and see me. Camp life is like a salubrious at the Great Lakes.

We're about a block from the lake here and believe me, it's quite chilly in the mornings.

I've learned quite a few trades since being in the navy, shoveling, swabbing with brush or mop, hammer and saw, laying rods, pushing baby carts here, and a lot of others too numerous to mention.

Well, Ed. and Marg., it is time for chow now, so will close, wishing you all the best of health and prosperity. From your cousin,

Clemens A. Engemann,
Camp 9 16th Regt., Barracks 1645
Lower East, Isolation, Camp Luce,
Great Lakes, Ill.

Sergt. Wilbur Smith writes another splendid letter to our readers, which is very nearly as description as a letter can be and which is as follows:

U. S. A.

As I am now seated here trying to get this letter started to my home town there are about a dozen fellows around me trying to get in a word. If I am not very careful they will succeed; they are not from Belding so I am going to tell you they have said about our paper, the Banner. To begin with, one of them has been calling it "The Belding Squeak". If that is the case, I think that it has a good loud squeak, because it is heard clear across the deep blue Atlantic, that is in some distance too, take it from me.

Well, now I will endeavor to tell you a few things that is and has been going on over here. As you know I am not allowed to tell everything that I know, because it might cause you all to have had impression of my intelligence. So you see the censor has to watch me. We have all been very busy up until a few days ago and then we received the order to go into rest. That was a welcome order as you may be assured. We have a wonderful lot of queer things to deal with over here, no matter where we make our camp we have to camouflage our tents, wagons, kitchens and everything that we have around us that would attract the attention of the ever lurking Hun. When ever a Hun aeroplane comes our way we all have to take to cover.

We most always conceal our surroundings by covering our tents and equipment with brush or material for that purpose. The air is always full of aeroplanes, allied and devilish boches. The boche delights in flying over head and peppering us with machine gun fodder or those cute little bombs. They are cute to look at but when they drop then they are no so darned cute. You would agree with me had you been where I have been, nuff ced.

When a big German gun sends a shell at you, it is possible to hear the scream of it and then take to cover, but when one of those air bombs comes down it is late to take cover when you hear it. One night not long ago, a bunch of hun came over us dropping these gifts they struck all around us, I lay there in my little tent looking up to the sky, wondering if he had a bomb with my number on it. I felt a whole lot better when he had passed over and away from our vicinity. It seemed just as if I wanted to sink way down into the ground when he hung up there over me. When he passed away, I do not remember how it seemed.

At another time before this air raid, I was marching along the road with my platoon. We were all singing and chatting among our selves when all of a sudden, whizz zoie bang and I think that all of us wished that we were in a deep hole out of danger. Right away quick we took another road and had gone about 20 yards and whizz zoie bang came another at us, or near us. Right away quick we scattered—like a flock of ducks when you fire a shot at them.

They were yet booming that evening when we went to bed. When one is near the front it feels and sounds as if a heavy train was running day and night. It is most always the same no matter what you are around. You can imagine the powder that is being burned up

over here. The boys here hear me wish that those who are yet at home and are liable to be called will notice this. If they do not come on over and help in this struggle, that when we get home, they will be due for something terrible, and in the deal, they will have their sweatshirts taken from them. I am not worrying about my own case in the least, why should I?

I am not sure, but I think that this war is going to end very soon. There are all kinds of reasons and indications, the one most important factor is that Germany is now startled and amazed at the immense man power that the U. S. is throwing against her. A few months ago Germany laughed at the U. S., now she is beginning to recognize us as her most powerful enemy. Her shock troops are now known to run from the Americans, that is saying a whole lot for us. It is all true just the same, every word of it.

I hear that the kaiser has asked the devil for help and the devil is unable to aid him, but that he has promised Kaiser Wilhelm the hottest place in hell after the Yanks get him. I have said enough for this time, except that I sincerely hope the kaiser gets his promised place.

Sergt. Wilbur E. Smith,
Headquarters Company, 126th Inf.
P. S.—The Belding and Orleans boys are all in the best of health. I see them all every day.

The following letter is from Adelbert Richmond, who is a member of the crew of the SS. America which sunk at its pier in Hoboken last night just as it was ready to sail overseas:

Oct. 11, 1918.

Dear Brother, Sister and All:

Just a few lines to say that I've made my first trip to France and have not seen a darned sub yet. We only got a 48 hour leave this time. We will load up and beat it back as soon as possible. I guess that is part of President Wilson's reply to Germany's offer of peace. Tomorrow over 200 of our ship parade in the Fourth Liberty Loan parade. We were out this afternoon drilling for it and say we did fine for a bunch who have not drilled any for eight months and some have not been off a boat for over two years. Gee, I was tired when we got back to the ship. We started out as soon as we got paid after dinner and I up and ate 8 pieces of darned good apple pie on top of a full grown dinner. Gosh, but it was distressing to try to keep up especially at the command double time.

Well, I got the Banner-News and about a dozen letters today. One was from Mrs. Jennie Puntine. Said she saw my address in the Belding paper. Madge also sent another letter. Said she had not heard from the civil service exam. yet.

By getting off the ship tonight I missed helping unload 57 bodies of soldiers who died with influenza and pneumonia. I was darned lucky for most of them were not embalmed.

I really am a lucky one any way. I made this last trip and only stood two 4 hour and one 2 hour watches. The rest of the time I had all night in. This morning I was called at 12:30 and had to work on the sounding machine until four o'clock this a. m.

Three of my shipmates from Michigan expect to meet their mothers in New York this trip. I wish I could furlough as to see all of you.

As ever, your brother,

Adelbert.
Adelbert Richmond,
1st Div. 2nd Su., New York, Care Postmaster.



The October sewing quota has been received and it must be done by the 23rd.

The surgical dressings are completed for October. A fine class, meeting two days finished them with the help of the Richardson and Belding girls.

All Christmas packages are to be handled by the Red Cross. We will print instructions as soon as we receive them from Washington.

Run Over by Auto. Gerald Foster, the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Foster of Pock's Hill, was run over by an auto driven by Ben Friedly at the corner just east of Wortley & French's store front, Friday afternoon at about 5:45 o'clock. Foster with some other boys, was playing and scuffling about on the pavement, a practice all too common, when he stepped suddenly directly in front of the Friedly Ford, which was running slow. The child was taken home and Dr. Pinkham attended the youngster. The front and rear wheel of the machine passed over the lad's stomach. The child's right arm was also sprained somewhat but this was of such a nature that it was thought not serious and the young man is expected to get along nicely.

Frocks that Fit in with Autumn Days



Both styles and fabrics possess an atmosphere of Fall. Satin, Serges, Poplin, Pin Head Serge make up this groupe of models that will appeal to women who appreciate smartness combined with real service-giving quality. Closely fitted tunic skirts, unusual sashes and novel collars are some of the distinctive features noticeable in this showing.

We want you to come in and see these three new ranges of dresses, priced at \$25.00 \$18.00 and \$9.89

E. C. Lloyd



The President puts it squarely up to us. What are we going to do about it.

BUY MORE BONDS

Quality Counts in Overcoats

CAMOUFLAGE is the art of deceiving. That's easy in clothes making.

It's wrong and wasteful to accept an overcoat that's going to collapse under the burden of exposure and hard service.

Get into a coat that can stand the test of wear and keep up its appearance. Hart Schaffner & Marx and Styleplus are such coats—correct in style, reliable in fabric, dependable in tailoring. Uncle Sam expects every dollar to do its duty. Your dollar will go further if you buy one of these coats with a national reputation and reasonable price. An early visit to this store affords the best selection.

\$17 \$21 \$25 \$30

FRISTOE & DIVINE
The New Way Store